

The New Student

Vol. 4, No. 15

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1925 — SECTION I.

Price 10 Cents

TIDE OF STUDENTS IS EVER RISING

Records of 1924 Show Increasing Number of Students at Many Colleges

American youth applied at the doors of colleges and universities in increased numbers during the last year. Like Ford cars and a certain brand of cigarettes higher education is soon to have its millions of satisfied users. Eighty-three of the most important colleges and universities alone offered their educational wares to almost a half of a million customers during the year 1924. The steady increase in registration is paralleled with increases in gifts, and appropriations for the upkeep and expansion of our educational institutions.

Students—Eighty-three of the leading colleges and universities in the United States now have 245,248 students. This is 15,299 more than they had a year ago. This list contains only those students who have no present occupation besides going to college. It does not include those enrolled in evening courses, extension classes or summer schools. The list is a representative one including small denominational colleges, state universities, small coeducational colleges and colleges for women exclusively.

Increase

In these colleges the increase in attendance for the last year has been 6½ per cent. Although the increase is not as large as in that period immediately following the war, it is much larger than the increase in population.

In 1910 there were just two colleges listed with more than the 5,000 full time students apiece. Three others had more than 4000 and four others had more than 3000. The ten largest combined had a total enrollment of less than 43,000. Today there are registered in these ten institutions more than 101,000 students.

Concentration

Comparing this 101,000 with the 144,000 in the other colleges shows an increasing concentration in the larger universities. At the University of Illinois, for instance, an enrollment of 25,000 may be realized in the near future. The University of California, the largest educational institution in the world, is attempting to cope with this over-centralization problem by establishing branches. Of its 15,337 students in full time attendance 5932 attend the Southern Branch of the University.

In addition to these students California has 10,428 in the summer session, 10,759 in extension classes, 1432 being taught practical agriculture and 2971 taking correspondence courses. This makes a staggering total of nearly 40,000 students re-

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Common Sense

Large broad-shouldered students, blushing furiously, wearing paper caps and shouldering brooms, did their "Squads Right" on the streets of Lincoln, Nebraska and on the campus of the University of Nebraska during the 8 o'clock rush hour. They were being initiated into Scabbard and Blade, national college military fraternity.

Comments Executive Dean Carl C. Engberg: "In connection with future initiations, I hope that the fraternities will use a modicum of common sense in outlining their initiation stunts Experience has shown us that at examination time, students who have been reported delinquent assert that they have been unable to study because of the initiations which they have been forced to perform."

DRIVE FOR ANNUAL ON IN MANY COLLEGES

Beauty Contests, Art Motifs and Subscription Baitings Are Now On

That College Annual

For months that hard-working Editor of the College Annual has been busy collecting original photographs, reminding organizations of their dates with photographers, haggling with publishers. Now he has his little hour upon the stage. Many college annuals are beginnings "drives" for subscriptions. Luring the student to subscribe for the annual is their main preoccupation nowadays. Beauty contests are also being staged, the winning belle, of course, getting a page in the annual.

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER—All the Greek-letter societies are enlisted in a competition for subscriptions to the "Kynewisbok." A handsome gift of their own choosing goes to the organization getting the most subscriptions.

Most Beautiful

UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA—"Owing to petty jealousies and other causes of sure dissention", the choosing of the ten "most beautiful" who are to grace the pages of *Arbutus* will be done by Adolph Pierre Ledoux, of New York, French artist and editor of *La Belle Art*.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA—The state historical society, prominent pioneers, and famous North Dakota chiefs are cooperating with the editors of the 1925 annual, which will carry a definite art motif of Indian lore. Pictures, stories, and other information are being gathered to give the book a genuine Indian "atmosphere".

JUSTICE TRIUMPHS AT MORNINGSIDE

Court Supplied With Unmistakable Evidence of Heresy—With Dates of Same

Excitement

Much excitement on Morningside Heights. The Columbia University fairly echoes with the patter of feet as conscientious students rush up to members of the Student Court and engage in long whispered conversations.

Grind, grind, grind. The complex wheels of the machinery of justice begin to turn. Student officials shake their heads disapprovingly, rush to their typewriters. The campus is covered with notices of committee meetings. A multitude of committees cover the campus with a network of sharp eyed agents with pencils, notebooks and calendars. There is the Committee on Black Freshman Caps; The Committee on White Knobs on Black Caps; The Committee on Freshman Class Spirit; The Committee on Green Regulation Cards; The Black Avengers*; The Committee on Black or Green Ties; The Committee on College Spirit.

At last much evidence has been gathered. A formal trial is announced. The Student Court meets. The Court is not one to be trifled with by dangerous law breakers. Seven husky athletes sit in judgement. They are: Royal J. Cooney, Captain of the Basketball Team, John van Brocklin, Baseball Captain, Lawrence Tihihonen, Crew Captain, Raymond J. Kirchmeyer, John T. Lorch, and Robert S. Curtiss. Here is a court that will cause the hardened criminal, the breaker of traditions, to tremble and weep with shame.

The Court is assembled, waits expectantly but no criminal appears. Well then! On with the trial. And add one more item to the long list of charges.

To the front comes the carefully documented evidence gathered by the diligent committees, the charges against Richard Berghame, freshman breaker of sacred Columbia traditions, who dares not face his accusers.

Charges

The charges are:
Insubordination.

a) He failed to appear before the Black Avengers Society after summons on:

1. Tuesday, December 9, 1924.
2. Wednesday, December 17, 1924.
3. Thursday, December 18, 1924.

b) He failed to appear before the Student Court to defend his actions:

1. Thursday January 9, 1925.
2. Monday January 12, 1925.

*A secret order of 100% Columbian sophomores who don black sheets, punish erring freshmen and are pledged to "Law Enforcement."

(Continued on Page 4, Column 1)

The New Student

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Published by THE NEW STUDENT, 2929 Broadway, New York, every week during the college year. Subscription for 1 year \$1.50 (35 weekly numbers and 8 special monthly sections)—single copies 5c. Entered as second-class matter April 20, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 4, No. 15

January 24, 1925

"No Man's Thinking is Better than His Information."

—Dartmouth Student Report

THOSE who debate the right of students to "criticise the curriculum" or "education" and question the wisdom of this criticism must be very blind if they cannot see that this criticism cannot help going on all the time, whether wise or not, whether justified or no.

"Did you get anything out of that course?"

"No, not much. He's soft."

"Ought I to take that course?"

"Well, he's a tough and sour old bird; but, believe me, he knows his stuff. You'll get more out of him in a semester than most of them can give you in a year."

"What do you think of my schedule? I think I have a nice bunch of snaps."

"Yes, but you're so loaded up with two-hour courses that you're going to find yourself running around in little sections."

Will anyone maintain that these snatches of campus conversation are anything but 'criticism of the curriculum' and of 'education'? All the critical accessories are here: a personal viewpoint, standards of taste, background of culture, etc.

As criticism it is crude, but not dishonest. At bottom no student is very stupid about what is good for him. If he chooses wrongly it is usually because his motives are impure. The snob looks for snaps, the grind for wheezes, the 'chemistry hound' for chemistry.

Nor is the student in complete ignorance about his instructors. It does not require a volume of psychology to determine who is bluffing, and who is worthy of respect.

Student Critics

Student critics of teachers divide into groups, and the popularity of professors is limited by zones. The master of sentimental rhetoric is loved by freshmen; the cocky cynic has his sophomore adorers, the more quiet and competent man is sought out by juniors and seniors. The rarest gifts in teachers mysteriously become known to the rarest spirits among undergraduates; and in the senior year the influence of the different groups that these men build weaves serenely a pattern of thoughts and ideals which creep into the remotest corners of undergraduate life.

All this is elementary and known; but one would not suspect it when one reads the learned discourses on students and curriculum. Upperclassmen feel strongly about their college course. They are near it. If they have no perspective on it, they are also free from the fears of other groups now copiously engaged in criticism of the schools.

The learned doctors of Barnard, for example, recently discoursed in *Bulletin*, the undergraduate paper, on the relation of students to their studies. Their articles, written in good faith and friendly spirit, betray a pathetic remoteness from anything pressing to the student. They are weighted with heavy however's, neverthelesses, perhapses, but's, and circuitous remarks about the principles of authority and freedom.

Moreover, the colleges have invited students to an act of criticism by giving them a share in the choice of their studies. They have further been trying all the time to lead interest to studies rather than 'outside activities.' This makes student criticism inevitable. The question is only as to the kind which is profitable and the kind which wastes its time. Of that, more later.

Farewell Reception

Former workers and associates of Professor George Pierce Baker, at Harvard, met for a farewell reception January 19. Professor Baker, trainer of playwrights and play producers, originator of the famous Harvard "47 workshop" is to leave for Yale because he has offered generous quarters, in contrast with the "scrooge like" policy of Harvard toward his department. (See *New Student* December 6).

In the course of the reception Professor Baker was presented with a purse of \$1,100 "to be used to purchase certain technical books for his own personal use in his own library, and not to be part of the University library of Yale."

Influence

An article on Professor Baker's influence upon American drama is to appear in the February number of *Theater Arts Monthly*. In connection with it will be a map which is a graphic attempt to show this influence. This map shows that over 100 of Professor Baker's former pupils are actively engaged as critics, playwrights, actors, designers, producers, managers and teachers in 26 states. In a note in connection with the map it is pointed out that neither the map nor the list of names is complete. "If the map were of the world instead of the United States, Shanghai, where Shen Hung '20 has started a Little Theatre, Honolulu, where Mrs. F. R. Day and Mrs. F. H. Brunham have been active; Amsterdam, where the plays of Herman Roelvink '40 are produced; and Paris, where Ralph Rooder has been Copeu's assistant manager, would have been included. A few of the Americans are: Critics, Robert C. Benchley, Heywood Broun, Van Wyck Brooks, Walter Prichard Eaton; playwrights, Josephine Preston Peabody, Sidney Howard, Eugene O'Neill; Managers, Kenneth McGowan and Sam Hume; teachers, Professor Frederick H. Koch, and Percy MacKaye.

Investigation

Meanwhile the petition for a state investigation of Harvard has been overwhelmingly defeated by the Joint Rules Committee of the State legislature. The petition was inspired by an article in *Vanity Fair* by John Jay Chapman, charging that Harvard culture was being destroyed by business men. "Yale has got a solar eclipse but Harvard is in danger of an educational eclipse," said Representative Van Ness H. Bates '19.

WIND-MILL

We submit the following for the benefit of the half dozen co-eds who haven't yet bobbed:

To bob, or not, that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The clings and arrows of natural long hair,
 Or to take share against a sea of troubles,
 And by cutting end them: To bob; to shear;
 No more; and, by a cut to say we end
 The hair net and the thousand natural
 snarls

That hair is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To bob, to shear;
 To shear; perchance to weep; ay, there's
 the rub;

For in that shearing o' hair what dreams
 may fail

Ere we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.

Buffalo Bison.

Percy Marks, author of *The Plastic Age* recently spoke before the Williams College Forum. He prefaced his address with the following remarks:

"I had imagined Williams as a beautiful golf course, with the Chapel as the first hole and the Williams Inn as the eighteenth—or rather the nineteenth, surrounded by fraternity houses with good-looking men in raccoon coats strolling aimlessly up and down with an indisputable air of elegance. But I was shocked at what I found: a lot of regular American college boys."

The Williams Record retorts editorially:

"We cannot admit that Percy Marks understands the heart and spirit of Williams, but how could one expect him to? Like the Hearst newspapers, he entertains and appeals to a large class."

The Week's Most Profound Thought

"Intelligent voting requires political knowledge," says Prof. Sharp.

—Daily Cardinal (Wis)

It is really no wonder that cribbing is so prevalent among college students. Honor systems avail nothing when students are actually encouraged in their dishonesty. A Dartmouth student, for instance will not hesitate to help a friend seated next to him after having read the following news item which appeared in *The Dartmouth* shortly before examination time:

SAYS NEIGHBORLINESS IS
 VITAL LAW OF BROTHERHOOD

"Who is my Neighbor? Anyone Who
 Needs My Help," is Text
 Of Chapel Sermon

Sign in Ku Kluxer's window: "Will be
 back at one. Out to Lynch."

—The DePauw

At a recent national congress of Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity it was decided to appoint a commission to visit Canada, England, Ireland and Scotland, with a view of the establishment of active chapters of the fraternity in these countries. This will be the first venture of this kind by American Greek Letter Societies.

MUSICAL

Glee Clubs

Northwestern Glee Club has an ambitious schedule ahead of it for the next month. During the latter part of January it will leave Evanston for its first appearance in Sioux City, Iowa. From there the Club goes to Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska; Denver, Colorado; Salt Lake City, Utah; Los Angeles, Hollywood, and San Francisco, California; and Seattle, Washington.

When the Club comes back from the coast, it will be entered in the Intercollegiate sing at Orchestra Hall, where fourteen of the best glee clubs of the middle west will meet to determine which will go to New York to compete in the Intercollegiate Glee Club Contest, February 21.

Meanwhile, eight Missouri Valley glee clubs are preparing for the first annual Missouri Valley Glee Club Contest at Convention Hall, Kansas City, February 9. The winning club in this contest will also go to New York to compete in the International affair.

RULES

Smoke Rings

At Vassar a census is to be taken on the question of smoking. An effort is to be made to get answers from every member of the student body to the following set of questions:

1. Do you smoke at all? With the sanction of your family?
2. Do you approve of the present rule?
3. Would you like a rule something like this:

Students may not smoke in any college building, on the immediate campus, or while under the jurisdiction of the college in public places.

4. Or would you approve of a rule stating merely that smoking is forbidden in any college dormitory?
5. Or would you prefer a rule to the effect that smoking be allowed in one place only?

Editorializes *The Cornell Daily Sun*:
"Whether or not the majority of the students at Vassar will favor smoking privileges, we can hazard no safe guess. Nor is there any certainty that the administration of the college will grant the fair undergraduates the opportunity to blow smoke-rings in their rooms or light up on the campus. But the honest open and un-

abashed attitude in demanding a referendum is admirable.
"And why not let the young ladies have their smoke, if they want it? . . . woman has declared her determination to have equal rights and privileges. Then she shall have them. Having received them all, she may find that being treated as an equal is not the wonderful consummation it appeared, she may miss the little niceties that were called chivalry, and find that a grudging respect is a poor substitute for affection, but is merely the price of liberty."

TUITION

For Thrifty Students

Wesley Barry, red headed, seventeen year old screen star, visited President Walter Dill Scott of Northwestern University recently. Subsequently President Scott announced a Wesley Barry Scholarship, to be awarded the ten high school boys who show the best records for thrift. The scholarships amount to \$10,000.

The general basis of the award is that the applicant must put aside something each week and must have saved in the year at least \$100. How the money is saved, at what sacrifice and the attendant high grades of the savers will enter into the selection of the scholarships.

The seventeen year old donor has "risen from the ranks" of the poor in conventional American millionaire fashion. "It hasn't been easy for me to make my way in the motion picture world," Barry states, ". . . . My greatest desire in life today is to help the less favored lads in the United States to cultivate habits that will stand them in good stead when the rainy day comes."

Skyward Leap

Higher education is becoming still higher. Tuition at Princeton, Harvard, and the University of Nevada has made a skyward leap, to take effect next fall.

PRINCETON—The yearly tuition has been raised to \$400.00 for the year.

HARVARD—In the College, Engineering School, Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, and Law School, a \$50.00 increase in the tuition fee will be levied beginning in the year 1925-1926. The fee in these schools will be \$300.00, excepting the Law School, where it will be \$250.00.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA—Because of the great number of outside students that flock to the University, the tuition for non-resident students is to be raised from \$50.00 to \$75.00. This was done to keep non-resident students from crowding out residents, also to provide for new instructors and equipment.

MORALITY

If the three thousand and some ballots prepared by the Penn State Y. M. C. A., listing the proposed topics for undergraduate discussion, bear fruit even thirty or sixty fold, the Penn campus may shortly expect to be more moral than ever before in its history. Plans are being completed for organizing each fraternity into a discussion group and dividing the non-

fraternity men into units for the same purpose. Each group will assemble at a convenient time and place and discuss the topic for the week. Free expression and open-mindedness are desirable. The method to be followed in the discussions is the work of Dr. Bruce Curry and Harrison Elliot, the noted college religious workers. A number of the proposed questions follow.
I 1. How many men have you seen cribbing this year? 2. What reasons do fellows give for cribbing? 3. Do you ever crib? Why? Do you think cribbing ought to be stopped? If so, how?

II 1. Do you know of cases of wrong or immoral relationship between men and women on our campus? 2. What do you consider an improper relation between men and women? Why? 3. Is kissing or petting right or wrong? Why do you say so? 4. Do house parties foster wrong relationships? 5. Would you like more information on these questions?

III 1. What do you know about cases of petty thievery on the campus? 2. How do you account for it? 3. What ought to be done about it?

IV 1. Are the men in your house disrespectful to the co-eds? 2. Why is this attitude as it is? 3. How do they justify the attitude? 4. What can the girls do to improve it? What can the men do?

V 1. How many men do you know who are in college activities for the purpose of making the college better than it is? How many for personal recognition? How many to secure prestige for their fraternity? 2. What motives actuate the men who represent the college in athletics? 3. Is Penn State spirit shown in those activities? 4. Do athletic scholarships promote or hinder the best Penn State spirit? Why do you say so? 5. Are all participants in all college activities given due recognition? 6. What do you mean by Penn State spirit?

DRAMA

The Virtue of "Patience"

Says Lady Jane: "There is a transcendental of delirium, an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy, which the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion. But it is not indigestion; it is aesthetic transfiguration." Thus Jane, the over ripe buxom dame in *Patience* assures us with tongue in cheek that the earthy might easily mistake the divine afflatus for a case of dyspepsia. The earthy have also discovered the wood-louse in the thick undergrowth of artistic sham.

But none has ever made his discovery as diverting, as gay, as convincing, as sophisticated, as W. S. Gilbert has in *Patience*. W. S. Gilbert lived in the midst of an "aesthetic craze"—when people discovered they had transcendental souls, and trans-lunar visions. When people spoke in terms of Florentine Fourteenth Century heliotrope, mauve, purple napkins and kerchiefs trimmed with Sixteenth Century altar-lace, surmounted by very early Japanese finger prints.

Explaining the "aesthetic craze" of 1880, Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey, in their work on W. S. Gilbert, write:

"The revolution in taste, the revolt against the ugliness of Victorian materialism, due to a large extent to the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, had its inevitable

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exaggerations. While William Morris was making beautiful curtains and the man in the suburbs was scrapping his wax flowers and antimacassars, Oscar Wilde was posing and there was a flood of artistic cant. 'Patience' produced at the Opera-Comique on April 23rd, 1881, satirized this aesthetic craze, which had already been gaily mocked by George du Maurier in the pages of 'Punch.'

"It may be supposed that a comic opera intended to burlesque a topical extravagance could have had nothing more than ephemeral interest, but none of the operas has a greater popularity today than 'Patience.' The fact is, of course, that there are artistic poseurs in every age, and one wild extravagance follows another.

"As Maurice Baring put it, Gilbert struck the heart of artistic sham, so that his satire is appropriate at any time and any place."

The cast at the Greenwich Village Theatre performs with gusto and high intelligence. The voices are admittedly amateur—yet it is the amateur's very freshness and sensitiveness of approach that give the singing a quality, delightfully rich and warm.

Edgar Stehli, as Bunthorne, the *Fleshly Poet*, Stanley Howlett, as Archibald, the *Idyllic Poet*, Flavia Arcaro, as *Lady Jane*, Miss Helen Freeman, as *Lady Angela*, and the quicksilver, impish, Rosalind Fuller, as *Patience*, romp, sing and carry on to the delight of the audience, and the despair of our modern sham aesthetes. D. R.

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

Freshman Regulations.

a) He had consistently worn a hat instead of the regulation cap.

1. Friday, January 9, 1925.

2. Monday, January 12, 1925.

b) He had not regularly carried the green regulation card.

Poor Attitude.

a) He had shown a lack of spirit in regard to his own class, the Sophomore class, and his College.

1. Wednesday, December 17, 1924.

Furthermore, Berghane's attitude when questioned was actually one of defiance—so witnesses informed the horror stricken Court. On one occasion, when well-meaning friends had approached him in the Dean's office, he indulged "with little language restraint" in abuse of the rules he was violating, the class which enforced them, and nearly everything connected with the University.

It was a moment that will go down in history along with that time when the young army officer, Philip Nolan,** pronounced his famous curse on the United States in his trial for treason. "The whole room was hushed dead as night for a moment." Then came the sentence.

Sentenced!

The decision of the Student Court on the punishment of Richard Berghane, Freshman, was as follows: "It was recommended that the name of Richard Berghane, 1928, be placed on the 'Irresponsibility List' in the office of the Dean of the College and in case of his transfer to another college, it was recommended that his character record be in keeping with his reputation at Columbia College."

**The traitor in another famous trial for treason (See *The Man Without a Country*, By Edward Everett Hale).

AGENTS WANTED

Liberal Commissions
Serve Yourself
By Serving Others

Thousands of college students are a bit bored by their newspaper. Their own college paper, while good, has neither the time nor the organization to survey the whole college scene, spreading from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast—and from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico.

Thousands of students are beginning to realize that their insularity, their limited knowledge of intercollegiate backgrounds, have hampered them in their cultural enrichment.

THE NEW STUDENT, a weekly newspaper, of intercollegiate news, together with its eight monthly supplements, is calculated to bring to the college students of America, a healthier and more realistic technique for grappling with the problems of living.

Thus THE NEW STUDENT is here, ready to serve them. And thousands of college students are ready and ripe to read THE NEW STUDENT. It only remains for our agents to effect this union between reader and newspaper.

We offer liberal commissions to agents who will devote their spare time to procuring subscriptions. Write for further particulars.

The New Student
2929 Broadway
New York

This punishment is no light one. Placing him on the "Irresponsibility List" provides that Berghane's record as a Freshman rule-breaker be counted against him for the rest of his career at Columbia, that he receive no consideration from the Dean in case he should apply for favors. And, horrible dictu, he will be barred from ever holding office or serving on committees, thus depriving him of the honor of ever becoming a Black Avenger or a member of the Student Court.

Ku Kluxing the Freshmen

The sophomore diversion of Ku Kluxing the freshman has been abolished forever from the campus of the University of Utah. Students and faculty united in formulating the resolution, "That tubbing, kidnapping, and raiding and similar hazing activities dangerous to property, health, and person be abolished."

The Dean's council and faculty commended the student body and committee for their action and recommended a rewriting of the constitution of the student government giving freshman equal rights with others on the campus.

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)

ceiving instruction in some way or the other from the University.

Grand Total—At the eighty-three foremost colleges and universities the total enrollment at summer school is 100,000 and at extension school 125,000. Add this number to the 245,000 full time students and we find these eighty-three institutions, have been dealing out instruction to almost half of a million persons during the last year.

More Students

More Money, More Buildings

With the ever increasing army of young seekers after education at their doors the institutions of higher learning are preoccupied with the question of raising money and planning building programs. However, the year 1924 has been marked with several great gifts to education that have solved the money question for several institutions. George F. Baker, New York financier, has given \$5,000,000 to Harvard to provide a home for the Graduate School of Business Administration. Not so long ago George Eastman, of Rochester N. Y., distributed \$15,000,000 among several institutions. The third great gift was that of James B. Duke, who has given \$6,000,000 to Trinity College in North Carolina for the purpose of building Duke University, of which Trinity College will be the nucleus.

Many state universities and private institutions are out for large endowments. Ohio State University will ask the legislature for approximately \$16,000,000 during the next biennium. The University of Chicago has inaugurated a campaign to double its present resources of \$50,000,000. The University of Pennsylvania is out to raise \$11,000,000 at once and further millions in years to come. Other state universities about to ask for large appropriations from the legislature are the Universities of Minnesota, North Dakota and North Carolina.

It is interesting to note that out of the eighty-three institutions, forty-one have either just completed or are in the midst of large building projects.

Among buildings still being planned the most important is the \$10,000,000, 52 story skyscraper-university of Pittsburgh. The University of Chicago is planning a huge stadium, and Columbia University a nineteen story dormitory.

Jerusalem University

For many years the Jewish peoples, all over the world, have dreamed of a homecoming to their ancient land. As the possibility of a national life becomes more and more real, plans for a national university, completed in time to inaugurate their return to Palestine, are under way.

Forty acres on the side of Mount Scopus, overlooking the quiet city of Jerusalem, have been set aside for the institution. Under the guidance of that great Scottish architectural authority, Prof. Patrick Geddes, the walls of the Jerusalem University are beginning to rise.

"The Hebrew University," explains Professor Geddes, "is conceived in its initial stage as a center for advanced research in those branches of science which are of special importance for the economic and sanitary development of the country, and also for those branches of the oriental studies which are specially connected with the national and religious traditions of the Jewish people and Palestine and the establishment of Jewish culture."

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Vol. 4, No. 15

NEW YORK, SATURDAY JANUARY 24, 1925

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[From Zupfgeigenhansl]

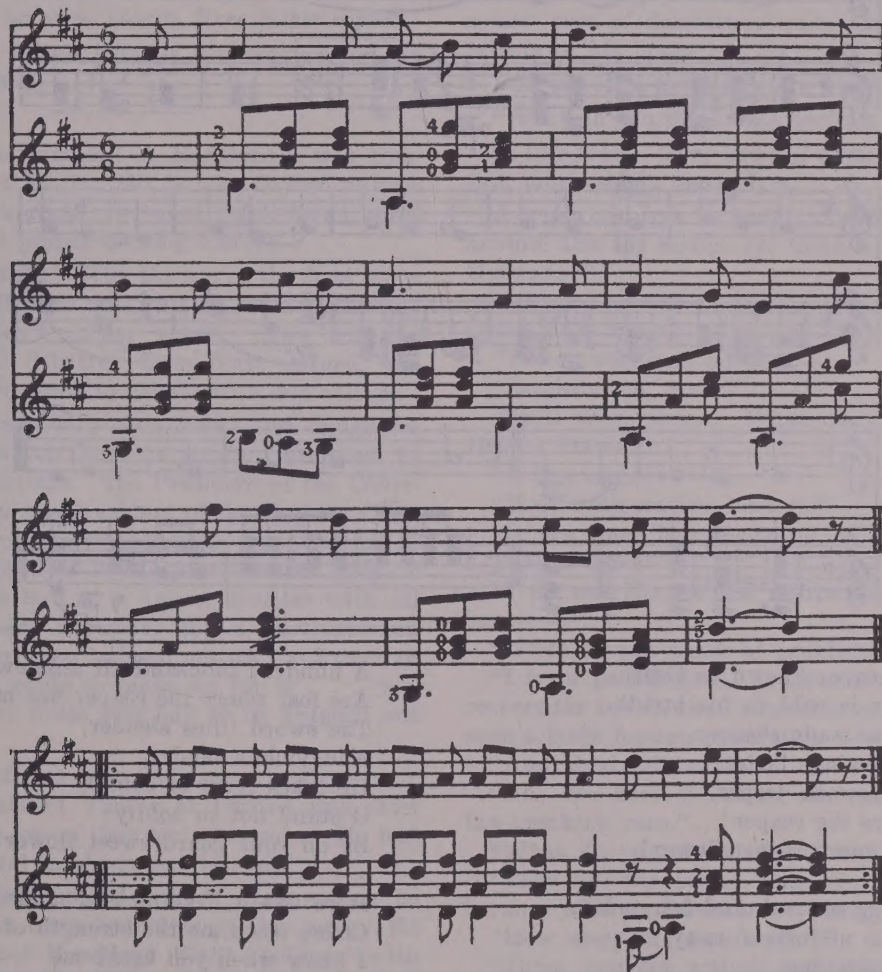
Two Folk-Songs

From the German

Translated by AMY S. JENNINGS

(Copyrighted)

FOR GUITAR

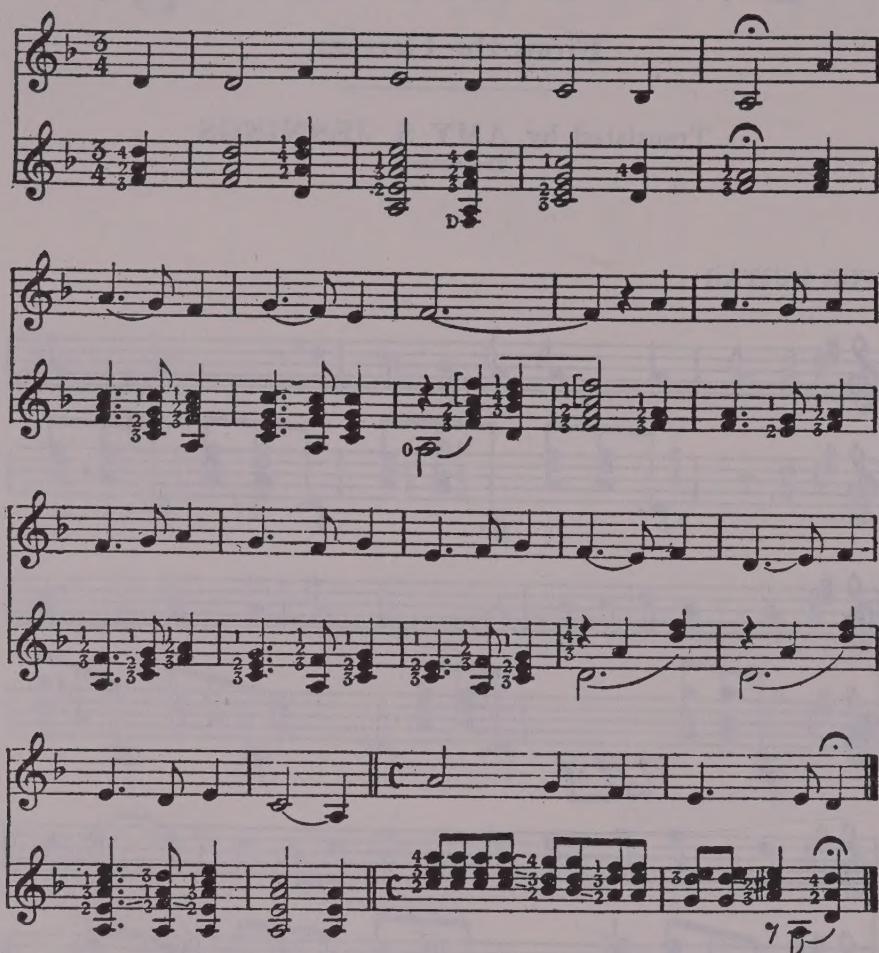


A hunter rode one morning,
Just as the day was dawning,
All in the deep green woods, green woods
All in the deep green woods
Hullee hullo, hullee hullo,
All in the deep green woods.

And very soon he met her,
His love among the heather,
His love all dressed in white, in white etc.

They kissed each other soundly,
While lark and thrush sang roundly
With love and loud delight, delight etc.

FOR GUITAR



There is a reaper known as Death,
 God's power is cold in his breath.
 His scythe is made sharper,
 Ah, now it swings faster,
 He cuts the swath deeper,
 None hinders the reaper!
 Be on your guard, sweet flower!

What springs so fresh and fair today,
 Tomorrow is all mown away.
 The silver narcissus,
 The blue hyacinthus,
 The kingcrown he spares not,
 But takes all and cares not.
 Be on your guard, sweet flower!

A hundred thousand all unknown
 Are lost where the reaper has mown.
 The sword lilies slender,
 And violets tender,
 He takes them so coldly,
 O stand not so boldly!
 Be on your guard sweet flower!

Here Death, I stand and unafraid
 Come, teach me the strength of your blade
 I know when you break me
 God's garden awaits me,
 O have I not wanted
 To be so transplanted?
 God give you joy sweet flower!

A FOOT-NOTE

The greatest achievement of the Youth Movement in Germany has been entirely outside of the realm of politics and 'social questions'; it consists in the rediscovery of the great wealth of folk-lore, folk-dance, folk-song. These translations were used in manuscript at the Student Camp at Woodstock, N. Y., last summer. They captured the camp at once. That is why we are venturing on the pioneering exploit of publishing them here.

They are chosen from a greater number which will appear from time to time if our readers like these.

These songs are for the open air and camp-fire.

Anyone who has heard many of them suddenly realizes that in comparison those usually sung by students on hikes (*The Long, Long Trail, Beautiful Ohio*, etc.) have no true sentiment, and consist musically in the crude manipulation of a few saccharine chords.

 THE COLLEGE: *Events and Reflections*

A MacDonald Comes to Town

By LESLIE P. EICHEL

The former editor of one of the main links in a well-known chain of newspapers returned to his home-town of 100,000 population and looked in at his old office. As the reporters were just going out to interview Malcolm S. MacDonald, in whom he was interested, he went along. Here is his report.

(The Oxford debate team is just leaving for the Hawaiian Islands).

The town was excited. A MacDonald was coming. Not only a MacDonald, but an Oxford university graduate—a real, cultivated Englishman, with broad “a’s” and proper evening clothes . . . !

What MacDonald? Why the son of the first labor premier Great Britain ever had, of course! Ramsey MacDonald’s boy? None other. He’s on the ‘round-the-world debating team from Oxford, you know; coming to town to debate with our college.

College trustees with daughters, and daughters whose fathers weren’t college trustees prepared to hold Social Functions. The President of the Chamber of Commerce, the President of the Country Club, the President of every exclusive organization in town (you know how it is) proceeded to prepare to entertain the Son of a Labor Premier with all the “dog” thought necessary for a Distinguished Visitor. The town had missed out on the Prince of Wales. It was going to make up for it . . . yes, sir, even if every dress suit had to be dragged out of moth balls.

A college professor who had been a college mate of the Distinguished Visitor at Oxford was chief factotum of the group that met the train. He had been instrumental in obtaining the visit.

Malcolm S. MacDonald rubbed his eyes as he walked from the trainshed through the gates. He wondered whether President “Cal” Coolidge (with whom he had breakfasted, it was whispered) had come on the same train.

His wonderment soon was at an end. He was whisked to a breakfast de luxe that made the White House breakfast “look sick” (as some of the natives would say when using ordinary language).

Then he was whisked hither and thither. All day and through much of the night and the following day, he was whisked and shook hands and greeted reporters, for . . . said one college trustee: “He may be premier some day. And one of our boys may be president. So this may be a historic occasion.”

All the while, too, girls came up to touch him, to ask for his autograph, and to tell him he was charming . . .

And he was charming, this son of a deposed Labor Premier; twenty-three, unmarried, widely traveled. Standpat Republicans monopolized him, this son of a Socialist, this young man who was trying earnestly to change the social standards and build up a new sort of democracy quite opposed to the interests of his hosts . . .

But, psh! the reporters are busy.

“What do you think of American girls?”

“I like them. They are self-critical. They do not talk much about themselves.”

A reporter says to another: “Gee—that Scotch accent! Did the Scotch get their language from the Germans?”

Editions have to be made. Questions have to be asked more rapidly. Girls on the outside peer in.

“Where were you born?”

“Lassiemouth, Scotl——”

“Spell that, please. What do you think of the United States?”

“A fine coun——”

“Most conservative, isn’t it?”

“It has some bad elements. It——”

“Name them.”

“I do not like to see militarism and materialism——”

“What do you think of prohibition?”

“I favor prohibition. I regret to see so much disrespect for law in the United States. But you have such a large foreign population——”

“And England hasn’t?”

“No. We have one stock, one race and it isn’t a law-breaking race.”

“What do you think of our movies?”

“They are far better than the English, chiefly because your producers are willing to spend——”

“How many in your family?”

“Three younger sisters; an older brother, married; and, of course, my father——”

“Mother dead?”

“Died in 1911.”

“Sure, there’s a statue to her in London; only woman to have a statue—— A few more minutes.”

“I should like an hour in which to write my speech for tonight’s debate.”

“When do you believe Labor will come back to power in England?”

“In four years. The work now is to organize——”

“Your party really gained by the last election?”

“Yes. While we lost seats, we gained nearly a million votes since the election that preceded this last one by ten months. And, in many constituencies, we were only a few hundred votes short of obtaining the seat. The Liberal party fell to in-

significant third place and England returned to the two-party system—Tory and Labor.”

“What do you think of Premier Stanley Baldwin?”

“He is a fine man. He has——”

“Are you speaking of Baldwin, the Conservative leader?”

“Yes.” The son of the Labor party’s leader smiled. “Baldwin is a man of high principles. But he hasn’t executive ability. A man of ideas, of high standards, the Tories themselves may displace him and that would be a pity.”

“Why—a pity?”

“The Tories may upset the European agreements made by the Labor government. If the Anglo-French agreement is disturbed, the peace of Europe will be at stake again. There may be a Poincaré-Nationalist uprising in France, sweeping Premier Herriot from power; and that would be——”

“Pretty bad, huh? Say, didn’t you, yourself, run for Parliament?”

“Yes, in Bassetlaw——”

“Spell that, please.”

“ . . . in the middle of the Conservative stronghold of Nottinghamshire. Wait, I’ll spell that . . . The first time, the Conservative received 10,400 votes; the Liberal, 7,100; and I 6,900. This last time, ten months later, the Conservative received 12,700 votes; I, 11,200; the Liberal, 3,000, in round figures.”

“How could you run? You weren’t there.”

“My sister, Ishbel, assisted by three cabinet members, campaigned for me.”

“What do you think of the future of our La Follette—Progressive party?”

“Distances over here are so great and the standards of living so much higher than in England, I cannot make a comparison. The La Follette party, however, in the short time it has had, has made

great strides. In England, we worked on the Labor party movement for nearly fifty years. The issue in the United States are not so clear cut as ours. We are critics of the social organization, critics of society——”

“Perhaps we’re behind the times in our social movement?”

“Well, you in the United States are talking about matters we discussed in England thirty years ago, when the Labor party movement was young.”

“Where are you going?”

“Honolulu, Fiji Islands, India——”

“Have you ever seen a baseball game?”

“No. I should like to. I like American football. I played football. I golf chiefly now. I enjoyed cricket and tennis at college.”

“Speaking of our militarism, did you see the anti-militaristic play ‘What Price Glory?’ in New York?”

“No. But I’ve heard of it——”

So they—the highbrows and the upper crust of society in the town—dragged the son of Britain’s first Labor Premier to Events that are Exclusive, you know.

In the auditorium at the debate were four thousand real Americans who voted overwhelmingly to give the decision to the boys of the home college.

And, then, at the leading hotel, the four thousand, or much of it, filed in line before the somewhat bewildered Malcolm S. MacDonald (who talks of changing the social order). By-and-by, he fell to chatting with the girls near the punch table . . . and there was a run on the punch. Of course, the other two young men with Mr. MacDonald were charming, perfectly charming . . . but, you know, Labor is destined to rule the world and it would be more charming to be the wife of a Prime Minister (even if the social order were changed around a bit).

EDITORIAL

Of all the statements poured forth during the last month on “Education,” we select two significant ones.

Educational Editor Martyn of *Time Magazine* sat back and concluded: “. . . It is highly probable that Culture, the yearning for which seems to be a maggot in so many brains today, is a quality which is not painfully conscious of itself. It is an efflu-
vium created by economic, political, historical conditions. It is commensurate with these conditions and, like piety and courage, cannot be truly heightened by exasperated talk.”

Says Editor Henry Seidel Canby of *The Saturday Review*, “We think, read, write as we can and must, yet it is not futile to talk of better thinking, reading, and writing. The mighty New England preachers rumbled at their congregations that all men are

born in sin, and only the few forechosen by God could be saved, even by grace. If the damned were to be damned and the elect saved anyhow, why bother to preach at them? And yet the effect was tremendous, for all began to feel the devil’s grip and struggle against it.

“Once this age knows that the dull fingers of mediocrity are around its neck, that mass production, mass thinking, mass education, mass writing are stalking on like mathematical equations bound to equal an inevitable result; once we see that intellectual damnation may be the fate of the most, the struggle will begin (for each) to be one of the elect.”

This statement seems to complement the first one, nor, I venture, would the author of the first discredit it.

GIGANTISM

and The University

By THE EDITORS
of *The Vagabond*, Indiana University.

This article is in a way a sequel to that in the last issue by William Robeson, which was quoted and treated editorially throughout the country.

The American slogan is "Biggest and Best." In an immense and rapidly growing country, the "Biggest" has had to come first. Our enterprises have of necessity been massive.

But the signs are unmistakable that from now on we shall have to attend to the second requirement of our slogan, and try for the "Best."

Of this later tendency, as applied to universities, the article here reprinted is the most thorough and prophetic we have seen. It applies itself to the problems of the University of Indiana. The local allusions have been left standing, because they are specific and yet typical of observations which could be made in very many places. The attitude of Gigantism is not confined to large schools or state universities.

Here is a splendid example of student criticism.

"There was a spirit abroad in the land," wrote Booth Tarkington in *The Turmoil*, his novel of Indianapolis, "and it was strong here as elsewhere—a spirit that had moved in the depths of the American soil and labored there, sweating, till it stirred the surface, rove the mountains, and emerged, tangible and monstrous, the god of all good American hearts—Bigness...."

"In the souls of the burghers there had always been the profound longing for size. Year by year the longing increased until it became an accumulated force: We must grow! We must be Big! We must be Bigger! Bigness means Money! And the thing began to happen; their longing became a mighty Will. We must be Bigger! Bigger! Bigger! Get People here! Coax them here! Bribe them! Swindle them into coming, if you must, but get them! Shout them into coming! Deafen them into coming! Any kind of people; all kinds of people! We must be Bigger! Blow! Boost! Brag! Kill the fault-finder! Scream and bellow to the Most High: Bigness is patriotism and honor! Bigness is love and life and happiness! Bigness is Money! We want Bigness!"

As America, so the American University. As Indianapolis, so Indiana University.

In all our institutions of higher learning there is a tendency toward Gigantism, the worship of Bigness, which regards the success of the school as proportionate to its enrollment, the acreage of the campus, the floor-space of its buildings, and number of men in the faculty.

The real elements of success in a University, on the other hand, are less concrete, less capable of statistical measurement. Certain professors (usually denounced as pessimists) may be aware that their classes are flooded with students of no intellectual interests, that such an incubus is sapping the rest of the student body, but how convince a group of hard-headed business executives who view a University in terms of their own test of industrial success, quantitative production? Discriminating students and colleagues may observe that Professor B—, who succeeded the great Professor A—, is a dub, but how make it known and still be polite?—and loyal, oh yes, loyal? Educators may see brilliant men refusing to teach because of what may be called the economic law of academic Gigantism: *When the enrollment increases rapidly, it is necessary to hire a number of cheap men, instead of fewer high-priced men.* They may observe sufficient examples of this loss to convince themselves beyond doubt, but how find a test to prove its evil? Values are such intricate things.

George Santayana relates an illuminating incident showing the weight of Gigantism even upon an academic mind: "The President of Harvard College, seeing me by chance soon after the beginning of the term, inquired how my classes were getting on, and when I replied that I thought they were getting on well, that my men seemed to be keen and intelligent, he stopped me as if I were about to waste his time. 'I meant,' said he, 'what is the number of students in your classes?'"

II

One should approach any subject pertaining to the improvement of educational institutions with a due and sophisticated pessimism. Academic inertia is great, and the true controlling powers, the men behind the guns, are usually ignorant. What light can be expected, when state universities are dependent on the irrational whims of legislatures, and church-schools on the centuries-accumulated narrowness of sectarian preachers and lay bigots?

Indiana University possesses a certain austerity of tradition. We have the rapidly fading vestiges of a once noble turmoil when minds flamed here. Until the last few years we were less chewed by the Bigness bug than such festering giants as Illinois, California, Columbia and Ohio State. In the minds of a few still ring the echoes of the glorious battle David Starr Jordan led against the forces of obscurantism the state over, when he introduced ungodly science, and demoniac evolution in particular, as an integral part of the curriculum. As one hears the old-timers tell of it, that age was Homeric. In-

diana University was a fortress, a citadel from whose ramparts one shot flaming arrows gleefully into the hosts of darkness. Now the only foe we fight unitedly is Purdue on the football field.

A few men we have left from that epoch. President Bryan, who carried experimental psychology into this mid-western wilderness, has maintained a freedom of speech here that is paralleled by few universities. But the ironic aspect of the thing is that when we have freedom of speech no one wishes to use it.

If we could only have a riot in front of the Book Nook occasionally over some political, economic or philosophical question as they do in foreign universities! A year or two ago mobs of students in Italy became publicly violent in a dispute over a play, a mere work of literature—Luigi Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author."

Indiana University is still probably better in the quality of her major professors than the other schools of the state, and some surrounding state universities. Yet, although it is difficult to generalize on matters like this, in a number of respects at least there has been a decline here in the qualitative ideal during the last few years.

In the last few years we have lost such men as Woodburn, Lindley, McDonald, Brooks, Snow, Fite, Kuersteiner, and—most recently—Guild. Most of these men could not be replaced at any price, and it is doubtful if even in number of eminent men—let alone the proportion to the number of students—the faculty has shown any recent advances. Another bad effect of Gigantism is this: Thirty years ago, even though there were but twenty or so professors here, each was a man of comparatively high ability, and every student took all his work under these men. Now, however, because of the deluge of students, each student must take the greater part of his college work with an instructor of less experience and less ability. Instead of getting one Robert Frost, one Van Doren or one Lovett at \$10,000 a year, we get five raw comma hounds at \$2,000.

Second, the most convincing symptom that qualitative improvement is desirable is the extreme apathy of the students. To prove this, it is only necessary to sit through any recitation in which an attempt is made to elicit general ideas, or to listen in on any conversation at a student gathering place.

This is partly due to the fact that the influx of mediocre students, bringing with them their own activities and interests, and setting up their own standards as to what is to be prized in a University training, has diverted the rest from the time-honored objective of a college education, the pursuit of learning. Then, too, the general qualitative decline has brought about an unfortunate condition. Frankly, as a head of a department stated recently, we are getting more and more students of the type that formerly went to normal schools and "business colleges," students with narrowly utilitarian aims, poor educational grounding and small ability. The University is fast becoming a combination of normal school and business college. As a consequence, we are losing the more desirable students and are hampering those we do have with lack of facilities.

The *Vagabond* dined and dined and dined last year that intellectual curiosity is dying among the students, and that the faculty and administration should be in a frenzy of discontent with everything about them, including themselves. But what do we see? Men burying themselves in relatively inconsequential pedantic investigations, dishing out antiquated lectures, trying to lure here more mentally sterile pleasure-seekers—and occasionally they point to *figures* and croak—"Progress."

It is some consolation that we have a handful of true scholars, of true teachers, of discouraged and dissatisfied men, who are fretting themselves sleepless or who have long ago fretted themselves into a paralysis of despair, over the hideous, hopeless waste of making a mere adding-machine out of a noble University.

Third, the sources of cultural and intellectual stimulation outside the curriculum are practically nil. We have commented on the convocation speakers before. Good music we have five or six times a year, paid for by the students themselves through the activities fee. Good music should be played around here as often as jazz. Never is a good play brought here. Frequent lecture courses by distinguished men are needed.

Fourth, the recent large expenditures of the University have not been such as to produce any commensurate qualitative benefit. A scientific study of economics and of the commercial control of the nation is important, if conducted with an ethical or professional aim, but the Commerce Building has had the result of attracting here, along with the really superior students of this subject, swarms of shallow aspirants for jobs, who sneer at the equally essential humanistic and scientific aims of the University, and who can never be anything but petty cogs in useless industries.

The Memorial buildings will undoubtedly contribute toward making University life pleasanter in some respects; they will also increase the material impressiveness of the institution, and they will attract here more students of the type that would come primarily on account of social and recreational facilities. But one cannot help feeling that the money could have been spent in ways that would be of incalculably greater qualitative benefit to the University. It is incontestable that the *greatest* need of the University is better professors. Now this \$1,600,000 would have endowed ten chairs at \$10,000 to \$12,000 annually, which would have brought here ten of the greatest scholars in the world. Columbia University but recently raised the salaries of her six best men to \$10,000. Think of it—we could have had here a world-famous chemist, a world famous historian, a great biologist, a great literary critic, a great philosopher, a great economist, a great art scholar, a great legal authority, a great mathematician, and a great humanist—all for the price of a Stadium, a Union Building, and a Dormitory!

Of course it will be urged that the alumni would not subscribe money for endowment of chairs. But this is to overlook the fact that there were also many alumni—and the *Vagabond* will be glad to

supply their names upon request—who refused to subscribe, or subscribed but meagerly, to the Memorial Fund on these very grounds, that they could not foresee any resultant intellectual stimulation. Why should not “The Greatest Faculty in the Middle West” be as appealing a slogan as “The Greatest Stadium in the Middle West?” If it would not be, all that can be said is that, judging by the quality of her alumni, Indiana University has been a complete failure.

As for us, we would be more than glad to endure the discomforts of Jordan Field—or even take our chances of being turned away from a game or two, to do our pool-playing down town and hold our meetings in classrooms, and to dwell in a squalid garret, if we could breathe an atmosphere surcharged with the irradiations of ten of the world’s greatest intellects.

The thing is done, irrevocable. We can nevertheless learn from it a lesson for the future.

III.

From these considerations we believe the following resolution is indicated:

Quantitative and material expansion should be suspended at least temporarily in favor of qualitative improvement; in other words, Fineness must replace Bigness and Showiness as the ideal of the American University, if creative thought is to persist.

Concretely this means that the worthless students must be eliminated by higher entrance requirements and higher standards of University work, and that our next large expenditures must be for first-class professors, library facilities, scientific equipment, concerts, art galleries, cultural museums, and lecturers. It means above all that we should stop trying to delude ourselves and our subsidiaries, the people of the state, into thinking that we have realized a Celestial Commonwealth in East Bloomington, and that we should direct our publicity to bringing about a greater consciousness of our needs.

We have come to the conclusion that the University’s policy of advertising and publicity is a wrongly directed one. We have been telling the people of the state of Indiana, through the *Daily Student* and otherwise, what a glorious, opulent and completely equipped institution we have here, what a “distinguished” faculty, how many acres of ground, what high-minded and zealous students, how many bushels of enrollment we have crammed into a relatively constant appropriation. Of course we are not actually fooling everybody by our “Florida-talk,” but they cannot help getting the impression that we are pretty well satisfied with what we have, and that our wants are satisfied to repletion by a benign and munificent legislature.

Now just suppose we took the opposite policy, and tried candor—not from any ethical stringency, but merely as a sound business measure. We would not need to exaggerate; the actuality is impressive enough. There is no reason why we should make bones about it. Suppose we said to the people of Indiana: “See here, our faculty is fast becoming very mediocre. We have paid such pitiful salaries

that we have not been able to keep many really eminent men, except such as hang on out of a sentimental loyalty. Our Library is inadequate. It is impossible to find a seat any evening during the school year after seven o’clock, and there is not sufficient money to buy books for graduate research. You are swamping us with inferior students.”

Would there not be some awakening to our deficiencies?

The usual argument against any attempt to obtain a more select student body is that the people of the state are paying taxes to support the school, and hence declare that all their boys and girls have a right to go through the University.

This, we think is not true for this reason: that, in talking with people of the state recently, we found the widespread belief that “too many young fools are going down to the University merely to have a good time,” and that money is wasted on them. This attitude of mind should be encouraged, instead of the opposite one we disseminate: that everybody is worth sixteen years of higher education, and that the lazy, dumb yokel will undergo a golden transformation. The old maxim is profoundly true: that you can’t make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear. Or, as Jordan phrased it, there is no use wasting a two thousand dollar education on a fifty-cent boy.

IV.

Such is the situation which holds in most of the universities of the country. True, it is but a reflection of the spirit of the age, but the universities should be directors of the *Zeitgeist* instead of its blind followers. Matters are becoming extremely acute in even the most venerable of our institutions. John Jay Chapman, in a recent number of *School and Society*, says:

“Certain identical features in the condition of Harvard and Yale are such as to convince any moderate intelligence that a term is being reached in this usurpation by the business mind of a control over our higher education. The state of things in both institutions shows that the higher learning in them is likely to go over the precipice. Harvard and Yale have become useful national centers of social life, sport and business. The intellectual life in both has become submerged and rudimentary. It can be discovered by a search for it, and that is all . . . They (their administrators) have the same worship for size and visibility that prevails in our industrial world, and the same belief that money is the measure of all things.”

One could quote numerous passages from books and magazines to show that a consciousness of this situation is awakening. The fight against Gigantism is the greatest battle on the educational horizon today. It is time for Indiana University to rouse from her lethargy and take the lead in the struggle for Fineness. The University has led many noble enterprises in the past. Primacy in this can be her greatest achievement. But it will require courage and ardor. Clothed with these, Indiana University can become an Acadème amid the rhetoric-marts of many sophists.

STUDIES: *Political, Social, Literary*

Political Science

The Dartmouth Tower

In the many recent analyses of liberal education, *The Tower* finds that the purposes ascribed to it fall under two general heads: first that it should help a man to a more enjoyable self-sufficiency; and second, that it should render him more serviceable to his group.

We are inclined to believe that the primer course which is offered in Political Science is more than reasonably unsuccessful in both purposes. In this article we should like to offer the reasons for our disfavor, and the roads which, if our criticism is valid, might be followed to more certain results.

The heart of the course as it now stands is "An Introduction To American Government" by Messrs Ogg and Ray. The book is an extremely fine American political encyclopedia. Every chapter is devoted to a minute consideration of some cog in the machinery of American government. Rafts of pages are given over to such considerations as these: The President as Chief Executive, The President and Congress, The Departments and their work, The Structure of Congress, State Constitutions, etc., *ad infinitum*. In such a chapter as State Constitutions the sub-heads run as follows: Contents of Constitution, Bill of Rights, The Three Methods of Amending Constitutions, Calling Conventions, Organization, Procedure, etc., once more *ad infinitum*.

With such a background for the work, the three hours a week which the undergraduate gives to this subject is necessarily a rehashing of brute facts which only most brilliant of men in the chair are able to vitalize. When the examination is over the bulk of this encyclopedic knowledge is naturally forgotten, because it is quite impossible to retain unrelated facts which are learned for their own sake. But to give the present course its due, suppose that the mass of these facts are remembered, will this serve either of the two purposes of a liberal education? It is hard for us to believe that the reviewing of tabulated facts has ever helped to pass an enjoyable evening. And it borders on the ridiculous to conceive of such mental cramming rendering a man more serviceable to his community. If the time comes when an election is thrown into the house, even the most successful of us will not be called upon to rack our brain for the solution as given by Ogg and Ray.

It seems to us that the present course in Political Science gives little more than a fairly accurate knowledge of the machinery of American government, and we propose that it should. We believe that the one course which the average student at this institution gets in the science of government should give him some knowledge of the sources of American government, what it is, and what it might be.

If this is a true thesis, there is no reason why any undergraduate should take this course without having at the end some idea of *The Republic* of Plato, the *Politics* of Aristotle, the *Social Contract* by Rousseau, and the *Communist Manifesto* of Karl Marx. These works give the wherefrom of present governments and the constant sources of proposals for change.

After these works have been considered, then *The Tower* should urge that the facts of American Government be taught. And when we speak of the facts we are alluding to the basic realities upon which this government is grounded, and which distinguish it from other modern governments, not the petty particulars which constitute the fringe. An educated man does not need to know how many members there are on the Interstate Commerce Commission, nor should he feel the part of an ignoramus if he did not know what constituted citizenship in Alaska. However, he should know the idea of sovereignty upon which the American government is based, and where this sovereignty resides. He should know what rights a man has as a citizen of the United States, and what corresponding obligations. Facts of this order we believe the course in Political Science should continue to teach, and it should teach them to be used.

If the student should be given the theory of government as found in those sources which have become classic, and then if the basic facts of American government should be taught for the purpose of evaluating them according to the standards of these great conceptions, we should consider that the undergraduate had a sound beginning in Political Science.

And it is further our belief that such a course would fulfill the purposes of a liberal education. One can spend an enjoyable life-time musing over the Socratic conception of justice. Moreover, such a course would be likely to give some general convictions as to what government ought to be, and this we believe is the first step in rendering a man politically serviceable to his group.

"Information regarded as an end in itself betokens a false educational attitude."—John Dewey.

In Defense of Necking

(*The Vagabond*, Indiana)

One of our noblest customs is being viciously attacked by Prudes and Roundheads. The recent Anti-Necking Acts, we believe, have greatly endangered the moral and aesthetic welfare of the student body.

Petting parties, as F. Scott Fitzgerald has remarked somewhere, offer a good channel for sublimation of the sexual impulses. It is unfortunate, and perhaps unspeakable, that people have sexual impulses, but the fact remains nevertheless that they do. Every once in a while some moronic coed of weak inhibitive powers "falls," the fact is bruited about by the sanctimonious and the ribald, a great hue and cry is raised in the pulpit, grandfatherly editorial writers fulminate, deans call excited conferences with everyone from the nightwatchman at the stadium to the owner of the Book Nook, and whole Draconian codes of ridiculous and oftentimes utterly impossible rules are passed.

But that the cosmic urge is kept in restraint even so well as it is, is under the conditions almost miraculous. Here are fifteen hundred young men and fifteen hundred young women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-

(Continued on page 12)

HEINE INTO SCOTCH

The Immortal Lyrics Achieve Their Finest Translation

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
in *The Circle*

The impossibility of translating poetry is perhaps one reason for men's persistence in attempting it, with what sorry results for the most part the histories of literature tell. I think it is no mere *obiter dicta* to say that those translations which have survived in English are not translations, but re-creations—such results as Pope achieved with Homer, Fitzgerald with Omar Khayyam, and Rossetti with the early Italian poets. And a second fact that must be kept in mind is that the great literary ages have sought always to shape their own versions of foreign masterpieces, finding on the whole that the versions of other epochs, carrying with them the obsolescent tastes of a dead generation, will not serve to conduct beauty from one language to another. Thus it is that English versions of Homer range from Chapman to Andrew Lang. Nor is this a contradiction of the first principle as a little thought will show.

Heine, the most untranslatable of lyric poets, has suffered more from bad translations than almost any other singer in a foreign tongue. The mealy-mouthed versions of the Victorians have been long in the dust-bin, it is true, but the bad literosity of their tradition is by no means dead. Recently Mr. Louis Untermeyer has come nearer to translating Heine than any poet who has attempted the task. He gets the irony, the sudden painful breaks into prose, sometimes the music, always the words. But the saccharinity and the simplicity of the whole escape him. But, by doing the obvious thing, Mr. Alexander Gray (*Songs and Ballads*, chiefly from Heine. Hyman-McGee. Chicago, 1924) has happily preserved those very qualities which the Untermeyer version, wonderful as it often is, does not keep. Heine is nearest Burns among all English poets. Very well, why not turn him into the language of Burns?

Here is the magical result. Let us first put Heine into not unfaithful "literary" English. The lyric is one of the famous: "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh."

*If I but look into thine eyes,
Then do my hurt and sorrow rise.
If but a kiss from thee I gain,
Then am I healed of all my pain.*

*If but I bow me to thy breast,
There do I as in heaven rest.
But if thou sayest, "I love thee,"
Then must I weep how bitterly!*

This is not bad, and the non-Germanic reader may rest assured that it is a faithful translation of the

original, for I made it myself. But now turn to Mr. Gray's inimitable Scotch:

*When in your bonny een I keek,
My sorrow melts awa' like reek.
And when I kiss our lips sae reid,
There's naething in the world I need.*

*When on your breist my heid I rest,
There's nane in heaven is hauf sae blest,
But when you say: "I love you, sweet,"
Hoo bitter are the tears I greet!*

This is sunlight unto moonlight, water unto wine. We are accustomed to being sentimental in Scotch—it is not so naked a speech, but we feel uncomfortable about being sentimental in English. Mr. Gray has turned the trick.

It is true, all good things have their defects. I do not think the magic of:

*Thy head lay on my bosom,
Be not afraid of me—
Dost thou not trust, unfearful,
Daily the wild, wild sea?*

is captured in:

*O, lean upon my hert, dear,
And be na fleyed o' me,
For ilka day you lippen
Yoursel' to the boustorous sea.*

But for the tender pieces, and the maudlin pieces, and the sentimental pieces, Mr. Gray surpasses anybody in the field.

The volume also contains a series of ballads and folk-songs from various German poets, for the most part triumphantly done. The whole movement and pathos of

"Es zogen drei Bursche wohl ueber den Rhein"

is here:

*Three callants cam over the Water o' Dee,
And stopped at the ale-house in Banchory.
"O, hae ye the ale ye were wont to hae?
And whaur is your bonny young dochter the day?"*

The Scotch will bother nobody who will pronounce the words as they are written and consult the vocabulary, just as he expects to do with Burns. Mr. Gray's volume contains some of the finest re-creations from the German that are extant.

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two, their most susceptible period, brought in hourly contact with each other in the classroom and on the campus. Time was, of course, when a few students came to college to acquire learning. They were mostly prim young people possessed of a certain amount of self-restraint in their relations with one another. But of late years through the prevalent policy of Gigantism the Universities have cajoled within their confines flocks of silly little boys and girls who come merely for social prestige and to have a good time. As morons are notably deficient in inhibition, the fact that certain biological catastrophes occur upon occasion is not to be marvelled at.

Necking in itself has already lowered—and if properly encouraged would still further decrease greatly—the amount of vice among college men. Under the present short-sighted rules, whether it has done the same for college women is doubtful. Twenty or thirty years ago, as some of the boys of that time tell us, it was quite regular and ordinary for a large number of college men to visit the “tenderloin” districts, with, of course, terrible results. Some fraternities even maintained private institutions of this nature. That was in the pre-Necking era. The cloistered students had no contact with decent women, and so they used such means as were at their disposal. But with the advent of the petting party that has largely changed. The sheik goes out and paws over various comparatively respectable coeds three or four evenings a week, and returns to his dormitory weary but safely sublimated.

Yet, although necking is a highly pro-moral activity and hence should be fostered, certain refinements are needed in its technique. Moralizing and legislation have placed the stigma—and hence the attraction—primarily on the physical, i. e., tactual, aspect of petting parties. Their aesthetic and artistic possibilities have consequently been left unnoticed. Rebellious youth, in the exhilaration of *shishing* (a good Russian word for thumbing the nose, which should come into general use) the authorities, hence absorbs itself brutishly in these forbidden tactual pleasures. Love, as even preachers have been fond of telling us, has been the source of the greatest artistic inspiration down the ages.

But not in Puritanical communities—where, indeed, there has been no great art. As G. Lowes Dickinson in *A Modern Symposium* makes Arthur Ellis say of Americans: “A nation so severely practical could hardly be expected to attach the same importance to the emotions as has been attributed to them by Europeans. Feeling, like Intellect, is not regarded, in the West, as an end in itself. And it is not uninteresting to note that the Americans are the only great nation that have not produced a single lyric of love worth recording. Physically, as well as spiritually, they are a people of cold temperament. Their women, so much and, I do not doubt, so legitimately admired, are as hard as they are brilliant; their glitter is the glitter of ice. Thus happily constituted, Americans are able to avoid the immense waste of time and energy involved in the formation and maintenance of subtle personal relations. They marry, of course, they produce children, they propagate the race; but I would venture to say, they do not love, as Europeans have loved; they do not exploit the emotion, analyse and enjoy it, still less express it in manners, in gesture, in epigram, in verse.”

Now petting parties represent the crude, inchoate beginnings made by American youth to break away from this prevalent conception of erotion as merely a mecha-

nism of propagation, or as a brute, delightful sin. Some delicate-spirited boys and girls have already developed Necking into a Fine Art.

The Art, however, at present has its limitations. Necking must be done furtively in the back seat of a broken-down Ford, or in some uncomfortable cranny of a stone-wall, and in the dark. And in the dark, as Jurgen remarks, “almost anything is rather more than likely to happen.” These, to say the least, are not conditions favorable to the nourishment of any Art.

What we need, obviously, is an All-University Necking Parlor, a sort of temple of Venus or Garden of Ashtaroth, in which the amatory arts could be cultivated under aesthetic influence. The Book Nook, of course, has been used to some extent for this purpose, but only the two corner booths are at all suitable to allow erotic activities without interruption. Then the music has not at all an aesthetic effect. Being jazz, it is the expression of primitive, unaesthetic savages for whom Eros was a matter of bestial grossness and not the refined voluptuousness of civilized peoples.

In this Garden of Ashtaroth—which as a feature of the projected Union Building would undoubtedly be a more elevating influence than poolrooms—the amorosities could be conducted to the ethereally sensuous strains of Beethoven, Chopin and Strauss. (This is another argument in favor of the Necking Parlor—it is the only conceivable means by which the students could be induced to seek good music.) The sofas—or, at first, to give a more familiar atmosphere, porch-swings—as well as the rest of the furnishings of the place, should be of artistic design, and on the walls should be reproductions of famous love-paintings by Botticelli, Turner and Correggio. On the tables should be books of verse by only the great love poets such as Swinburne, Rossetti, Petrarch, Gautier, Heine, Sidney and Spenser. The effect of this, too, would be beneficial, as at present the ditties in *Hot Dog* and *Whiz Bang* are the only verses quoted between sexes.

Sensible philosophers have long realized that some sort of introduction to amatory experience is desirable before young people enter into contract of marriage. Plato has dealt with this in the sixth book of *Laws*: “For people must be acquainted with those whom they marry. . . in such matters, as far as possible, a man should deem it all-important to avoid a mistake, and with this serious purpose let games be instituted in which youths and maidens shall dance together, seeing one another and being seen naked, at a proper age, and on a suitable occasion, not transgressing the rules of modesty.”

We are sure that if Plato were alive today, he would perceive the superior advantages of Necking, particularly in the Palace of Amorosity—to this crude and indecent artifice. Necking is much more modest: in this modern Garden of Ashtaroth the wooers would be fully clothed, for the human form is not what it was in those beautiful days of the classic palaestra. All the Dean's rules concerning the wearing of certain Dutch vestments could be observed. Proper chaperonage, too, would be provided lest anyone convert recreation into excess.

Since, therefore, the Palace of Amorosity would offer an innocent mode of sublimating the sexual impulses, since it would develop the students' artistic nature, since it would offer an attractive mode of approach to great music, great art and great literature, since it would give a harmless and efficient introduction into the connubial mysteries, and since it would win the hearty endorsement of Plato,—*The Vagabond* hereby institutes a campaign to Make the University Safe for Necking.